

Wichita Eagle

IDEAS AT THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE.

How the Patients Act While Receiving the Two Inoculations.

Everything being prepared, and the doctor having taken his seat, the patients were called in, one after the other, the children being allowed to be accompanied by their parents. The sight of the delicate little syringe with its needle-like point has an effect on most of the patients as they approach and present themselves, but they have no time to give way to reflection, and the puncture is over almost before they feel the pain. Children, of course, squeal before as well as after, but they soon forget it.

There was one exception, which aroused the admiration of both the doctor and his assistants, little as they are accustomed to display their feelings. It was that of a fair haired, well dressed girl of six or seven years. "Now, mind you, be a good girl, and don't make the doctor cross," said her father. "Oh, no, papa! I will show you that I am a big girl now." And so she did. She underwent two punctures without so much as a whimper, and then kissed the doctor, saying, "Merci, mon bon petit medecin."

A young lady from Portland was also courageous, and even smiled as the doctor applied the syringe firmly but tenderly, she likewise expressed her gratitude, and her broken French seemed to make it all the more touching. All the ladies, however, were not such good patients. One, a stout person from the country, kicked and shrieked as if she were being killed. Another fainter as the syringe pricked her. But these were exceptional cases, and the majority of the women behaved themselves remarkably well. The men were naturally bound to be more valiant, but even here some amusing exceptions occurred.

One of the Piedmontese, a villainous looking fellow of the brigand type, who appeared to be devoid of all feeling, thrust himself into the assistants' hands growling. "Come, come," said the doctor, "stand up, and don't make an ass of yourself." He stood up pale and trembling, but after the first puncture he again growled, and had to be supported for the second. He left the room speedily and ashamed of himself.

He was followed by an agricultural laborer fresh from his village. He arrived late, having lost himself on the road. The doctor reprimanded him in a good natured way. "But you won't hurt me, will you?" he asked, as he glanced at the syringe, which was a mystery to him. But he could make out what it was he felt it. "Oh, my!" he cried, with an exclamation that meant "let me go!" But the strong arm of the assistant was on him, and he resigned himself to the second puncture with better grace, and went away with his curiosity satisfied. I repeat that these were exceptional cases only, and once the operation over, all admitted it was comparatively painless, and not half so bad as they had imagined.

The operation, however, is not devoid of danger to the doctor and his assistants. One accident happened. A muscular youth was undergoing his second puncture when, in spite of himself, he made a sudden move and jerked out the syringe, which pricked the hand of the assistant who was holding him, thereby inoculating him with the virus, so it is a question whether he will not have to undergo treatment himself.—London Globe.

Kind Words from an Angel.

It was evident that she soiled for the pleasure of soiling; that she was disagreeable, as pretty women find a singular, rare, extraordinary diversion in being, once a month or a week or a day, the recipients of her reproaches, her frank, earnest and flagrantly truthful. The majority in the car was for him, although a good advocate, who would have whispered to her to undo the knot of her brows, might still have made for her a triumph similar to that of Helena, daughter of Leda, in the Greek comedy. Surely he suffered all the tortures of the abandoned; but there was an old woman in black in the car, and she must have been fairly writhing and ugly.

She put her shriveled hand on the little gloved hand of his companion, and called, in a voice of the last century, a voice to sing to a clavier, or accompaniment, she said. "Madam, I had lovers once, and, peevish, I could never lose them. Now, I would be available to a man who loved me, even if he had, like my shawl, which is made of more holes than stuff, more faults than virtues. I would be available to him."—New York Times.

Causes of Headaches.

"You can judge of the cause of a headache in many instances by its location," said the doctor after he had asked his little patient where the pain was. The complaint of a headache in the front of the head, particularly above the eyes, proceeds almost invariably from indigestion, and can be treated accordingly. At the back of the head, however, just above the neck, a steady pain/betweens congestion or too much blood in the brain. An excellent remedy for this is to apply a mustard plaster on the spine just below the neck. This almost invariably draws the blood away from the head and gives relief.

Neuralgic headache is unmistakable through the sudden darting character of its pains. Cloths wrung out of the hottest water can stand well help this suffering sometimes to a great extent.—New York Tribune.

Thackeray and Tobacco.

Thackeray rarely wrote without a cigar between his teeth. In his "Fitz-boodle Papers" he jokingly suggests that all the hullabaloo against smoking has been raised by women, who are jealous of it as a rival. And it is a rival to them, he admits, "and their conqueror too. Germany has been puffing away for three score years. France smokes to a man. Do you think you could keep the enemy out of England? Ask the clubhouses. I, for my part, do not despair to see a bishop jolting out of the Abbeism with a cheroot in his mouth, or at any rate, a pipe stuck in his shovel hat."—Exchange.

Can Any One Tell?

Why is it that the ruling tide, which brings fair skies and July weather, Arranged that buckskinery pie And the fly season came last night?—Dramatic Mirror.

Current Dialogue.

"Are you engaged to Jack Hall?"

"Yes. Are you?"—Life.

NOCTURNE.

All the vast dark wonder of the night,
All the air for the brown moth's wings to
skim;
But the stars are far away from him,
And the open window is full of light.
The brown moth follows the candle's glow,
Where golden haired Lois reads and dreams,
So still that an imagined saint she seems,
With tapers before her and eyes bent low.
About her hair and the flame he wheels,
Her hair full of sunshine and sweetest yet,
Than the yellow rose by the night dew wet.
So sweet that faint to the flame he reels.

In the sweep of his wings the candle flares,
And what maddens him more, he does not
know.
The dancing flame that scorches so,
Or the yellow splendor of her hair.
On her brow and neck, in soft little rings,
He lies like the tendril of a vine;
He has never seen a web so fine,
And he fears to touch it with his wings.

So he whirls and frantic beats at the light,
Till in torture down on her book he slips;
She sweeps him aside with her finger tip,
And his lifeless body falls into the night.
—M. D. Hatch in New York Sun.

THE SOUL OF THE CAT.

Yee Sam Ling was a lonely one. He had friends in plenty and relatives, too, for that matter, but Ling had his own views on matrimony and he didn't believe anybody could be happy without a wife. It was strange why he had so suddenly taken on that belief, for hadn't he lived fifteen years away from his own Flowery Land? Of course he had.

He came first to the Golden Hills and went to work in the mines, but he couldn't stand it, for he used to feel the strange white devils at night punching him in the back. So he gave his claim in the Golden Hills to a relative and traveled across the continent to New York, curled up like a mink on a seat of the smoking car.

He was idle for awhile and then started in to sell soap to the laundrymen, until finally he got enough of the American man's cash to rent a store. He put out his red sign, with the fluttering red streamers on it to keep the evil eyes away, and he became a merchant. Every night for years he had crawled into his little bunk curtained off at the back of the store, and after comforting himself with the opium he loved so well he had fallen to sleep, to dream of pretty Chinese girls tottering on pink clouds across the water and stretching their arms out to him.

He often thought of China and the home life there, and he used to count the money in his trunk and wonder when he would have enough to go back and buy a good wife and wear a lap with the red button of the third degree. Then he thought he would buy with some of his money the prettiest girl in the province, and she would have feet so small that she couldn't walk at all, and she had a strong servant holding each hand.

He often played the lottery in the hope that he would win, and he burned prayer sticks before his kat god that he might have luck, but he might just as well have saved the sticks, for luck never came. So persistently did he lose that more than once he was tempted to let one of the burning prayer sticks fall over against the god and burn it, but he was afraid lest the deity should be discovered and the god seek a just revenge.

One day there came into his store a white girl who lived on the top floor of the tenement around the corner. She had hair like the wong shik gold he used to dig out of the Golden Hills.

"Say, John," she said, "me mother's run out o' soap, an' she's up to her neck in washin. Gimme a bar!"

Ling was smitten with a great love. He remembered having seen this girl go past his store many times, but he never had such a chance as this to speak to her.

"You mommie want soap?" he asked. "She washes?"

"Yes; I want er bar, an' I want it quick."

"Alle lile," said Ling, and he clattered behind the narrow counter and pulled out from a shelf two bars of soap.

"You takeee two," he said. "No ngainst you, takeee you sabs!" and he pushed the soap and the five pennies she had laid down away from him. Then he went on: "I lakkee you; you beap nice! Lat you name?"

"Gee, what graft!" said the girl: "so I get de soap for nuttin, do I, John? Well, me name's Maggie Sullivan, if yer wantee know."

Ling looked at her with admiring eyes. Then he pointed to the soap and pennies and said: "You takeee. I beap lakkee you, sabs? You clum 'glain?"

"Yes, I sabs, John," said the girl, "an' I'll come again."

So she went out and Ling went to the door and looked after her until she had disappeared around the corner. Then he went back behind the narrow counter and sat down on a stool. He rested his chin on his hand and thought of the girl in his hand and thought of the very hard. His thinking amounted to something, for he went to the little cubby room curtains off at the back of the store, and out of the big camphor wood chest he pulled some carefully folded clothes. He was a new man when he came out into the store again, and a couple of his countrymen who had dropped in to have a friendly chat and a smoke began to chaff him.

His old cloth blouse, with the shiny place on the back where his well oiled eye had hung, lay in a heap on the floor with his old pawt and coarse trousers; instead he wore clothes of broad dark blue silk and his hands were like those of a koonfoo. A told wind was blowing up the street, it made him shiver, but he stood his ground and waited for the coming of Maggie Sullivan.

Every day for a week he watched, until on the eighth day he saw her running by with a shawl over her head and a pitcher in her hand. "Hi-lo," he cried, "hi-lo, Maggie ST'm'n! you com' n'ichue?"

"Hello, John; how's things? I'll see yer when I get th' ud man's beer," and she dashed on, while Ling went in and waited.

After awhile she came in with a rush. "You lakkee China candy?" began Ling before she could say anything. "Heap good!" and he showed a queer little box full of keung toward her. "I lakkee you," he continued, while he picked at the gilt buttons on his blouse. "I bling you nice close, beap nice, you sabs? Makkee you nice close, you dless beap nice, sabs? You mally me, you hab beap nice."

"Marry you, John? Well, I guess not!"

Me old woman would put the pigman out of you, head if she heard you makin any breaks like that."

"You mally me bimeby," said Ling, as though he felt sure he would win.

"So long, John!" she said, as she went out munching the candy. That was the first of the queer courtship. It struck Maggie seriously, as though she thought she might do worse.

"I don't know but what I'll marry the Chink," she said to herself. "I'll get all their clothes an' money I want an' I'll be bies, you can bet!"

There was a cat which used to sleep under Ling's counter. She grew fat on the scraps of chow chop suey and chue yunk which fell from the table, and altogether lived a life of peace. But the day Ling proposed to Maggie Sullivan the cat's manner changed. Instead of sleeping under the counter all the day she took to walking on the counter, mewing uneasily in a wailing voice which filled the room with a distressful sound.

Then she would pounce in her walk, and sitting on her haunches glare at Ling with staring eyes. Once or twice he drove her away, but she came back and glared until her eyes turned from green to purple. "Once he struck her with his bamboo 'ting, and she retreated to a high shelf and watched him."

"The evil one possesses her," said Ling, and he burned more prayer sticks before his kashat Joss, but the wailing of the cat never ceased. She crept under Ling's bed that night and scratched at the matting on the floor; she paraded the little room, and her big shining eyes seemed to light up the dark place. From that night the cat was never at rest, and Ling became so stricken with a silent terror that he would go out into the street rather than cross her path.

He forgot about the cat a couple of days later, when Maggie Sullivan came in. She was better dressed than usual.

"Hello, John," she began, "I had a row with the old woman, and I've clum now. I'm dead set of gittin jumped on. Now, if you want me on the other square, I'm with you, but I don't want any funny business in mine!"

"You mally me," asked Ling, while a smile crept over his face. "Alle lile, I mally you."

"But I'll tell you, John," the girl went on, "you've got to cut that pigtail off and wear citizen's clothes. You got to be pretty near a white man. You got to be as white as clothes can kin make you, an' you got to treat me white, too, or I'll shake you!"

Ling didn't want to lose his cus and he fought against what he considered a sacrifice, but he found Maggie relentless.

"I curl him up so," he said, as he twisted it about his head; "n' I puttee on hat, so," and he pulled an old slouch hat down over his head, "n' nobody else him, ha!"

No, even that wouldn't do, and Maggie went away saying: "I'm goin up to a lady friend's o' mine 'er stay termia, John, an' I'll see you tomorrow, an' if their pigtail don't go I don't git married, see?"

Ling didn't quite see, but he thought a lot. He thought Maggie was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. There was nothing else about her. She had fine blue eyes, a trim figure and a shock of golden hair that attracted the Chinaman. The old cat jumped on the counter and yowled and stared at him, and he went out to get away from those green eyes. He went to the Joss house and burned thirty worth of prayer sticks and paper. He tried to put his mind quickly after that, almost ran down the dark, creaking steps and across the way to where the fat-tau-lo lived and did business.

"Take off this thing!" he said, when he sat down on the stool in front of the little razor and scissors.

"What!" said the barber, "are you crazy, or have the foreign devils got you too?"

"Cut it off, I tell you! Are you not here to do much work as this?"

"No, that is wrong. I knew your mother. What would she say if I did it? Her curse would come, to me as well as to you, unworthy son!"

Ling ran out while his courage lasted. He went to a Kwank-tung man who lived near Pell street and had no cure.

"Cut this thing off!" he said; he did not need to beg this time.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Kwang-tung man, "you are going to be one of us; good! and he picked up a big pair of shears. Snip and Ling's cue was gone, cut close to his head. Out Ling ran, leaving his cue behind him. He went into his store and sat down to think, when up jumped the cat. Her eyes were yellow this time, and she howled mournfully.

"Get away, you evil thing!" and he pushed her off with a stick. He did not sleep that night; he dreamed strange things and saw strange sights; he thought of his home in far off China, and his mother, and the little Chinese maidens whom he had known before he came to the new country. He smoked and saw faces in the clouds. In the morning his eyes were heavy and red with the opium, and he let his hired man do all the work. He lay in his cubby bunk and smoked the opium until he heard a voice. It sounded as if it came from a great distance. It said:

"Hello, where's the boss? In the back room? all right!"

The curtains were pulled back and Maggie Sullivan came in.

"Hittin' their pipe, eh? Well, that's bad for the blood. How's yer pigtail?"

"I cut him. He glone," said Ling half stupidly.

"That's good. I knew you'd come around. The Chinks allers. Git up if yer a-go-in get married!"

Ling had a vague idea that he was very happy. The opium had brought a peaceful feeling, but he was rather stupid. Maggie sat on the edge of the bunk and the cat walked across the room with stately tread, glaring at her. She paused at her feet, and at one bound was on her lap. "Hello, pussy," she said, putting her face down and stroking the fur. Like a flash a paw shot out; five hooked, sharp claws were unheeded and dragged across the girl's cheek. She gave a frightened scream, and when Ling looked he saw three red lines down her face, from which blood was dripping. And the cat walked slowly across the floor with the same stately tread.

"I've got a new looking face now," said Maggie, "and I think I'll have that cat killed."

"Less," said Ling, "kill him," and he rose dreamily and tried to drive the cat out, but she wouldn't go. He gave it up and cursed the spirit which possessed the cat. "Some enemy of mine has died," he thought, "and his soul has gone into the cat." Maggie washed the

blood from her face and put on three long strips of plaster, and then went around to the Five Points mission, where they were married. The minister, Mr. Boughton, asked them both a great many questions, and satisfied himself that everything was all right. Before he dismissed them he said he hoped Maggie would be happy.

"I hope so, sir," said she, "an' they say the Chinks are good to their wimmen."

They went back to the store then. There was a letter on the counter near the scales. It had come from China and was for Yee Sam Ling. The cat sat near it and would not move. Ling pushed her away with a stick, but she came back. He was afraid to put his hand out for the letter, so he pulled it toward him with his pipe. It was from his native town.

"Your good mother is dead," it said; "the scourge devil carried her away. It was her will that you return and marry the girl she has betrothed to you."

The letter fell from Ling's hands; he looked up and saw the cat still staring at him.

"My mother's soul is there to curse me," he whispered to himself, backing toward the door.

"It is she!" She has come across the big water because I did not return," and he kept stepping backward.

"The curse has come upon me!" And he felt for his cue. Then he looked at Maggie and saw the marks of the claws with a shriek he opened the door and rushed out!

"John's gone plumb crazy!" said Maggie to the attendant. "It's the opium, I guess. It knocks 'em all when they get the habit."

Ling never came back, so Maggie patched a truce with her mother and went back to the tenement. Nobody but the minister knows she is Mrs. Yee Sam Ling, and the new sign which swings over the door of the little store tells every one who looks up at it that Sun Quong sells Chinese groceries there. Sun Quong was the attendant.—Fred A. Wilson in New York Evening Sun.

Oysters Are a Luxury in England.

We do not exactly long for the Port Lincoln oyster of south Australia, which sometimes measures a foot across, and which, fried in bread crumbs and butter, is as much as an alibeddon man can consume at a sitting. Fortunately oysters are found in every sea except, perhaps, the Baltic, for some 2,000,000,000 are eaten annually in Europe alone. It is interesting to hear of "oyster gardens" near Sydney, where you go to bathe, taking a towel and an oyster knife, with a loaf and butter, where you deposit your clothes, and may eat as many oysters as you can open for a shilling.

There is no doubt that the oyster thus freshly taken from the bed may be tasted in the greatest perfection. Travelling disagree with him, which is among the largest and most important organs, and keeping him in ice deteriorates the flavor, as it does that of all fish. The somewhat melancholy conclusion of the whole matter is that oysters are palatable, wholesome, nourishing—and expensive—and that a great many beds will have been laid down before they can be anything to us but a luxury or a medicine.

They are recommended as "soverain" against the influenza, and calculated to keep old people alive when all other food fails; but we may live in vain for days when a cookery book began its receipt with "Take a hundred and fifty oysters," or "Take of oysters two quarts." But, as they say in a neighboring island, "the best way to cook an oyster is to eat him raw."—Saturday Review.

Why Wasn't I Afraid.

The fresh air children see the country with their own eyes, not with yours or mine. They steadily refuse to gratify the taste of sentimental and exacting persons by becoming morbidly lost in marvel, or rapt in poetic fancy. Occasionally one finds a child whose mind is sensitive, and who develops a rare appreciation of the beauty of living close to the heart of things, but usually these charity children enjoy whatever comes to them in just the same unreflecting prosaic, wholesome way that we find most gratifying and healthful in our own children.

Very strange and wonderful everything is to them, to be sure; but in a land where everything is strange and wonderful one loses sight of special marvel. A peculiar and disastrous hailstorm once swept over a farm where a dozen children were staying. The children of the household were terrified, but the little visitors were perfectly calm.

"I thought maybe it always rained sharp hail in the country," said one little girl, when they asked her why she wasn't afraid.—Harper's Bazar.

Both Needed.

Fair Quorra: Husband, dear, are there two "it's in 'busness'?"

Wideawake Husband (obtusely):—Certainly, my love. A man who goes into business with one eye is going to be badly left.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Dipsomania.

A good many cures for dipsomania have been proposed before now, but not until recently the results have been anything but encouraging. It is stated, however, that a French savant, M. Luton, has solved the problem. Nitrate of strychnine administered hypodermically in minute doses "does the trick." After ten days of this treatment chronic alcoholists acquire such a longing for stimulants that even a sniff of their once favorite beverage causes nausea and headache. Drs. Portugalow and Jergolski have used strychnine on more than 500 patients, with invariably good results. One sufferer who had been in the habit of taking one-half to one ounce of schnapps a day was cured in a single sitting.

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I had a sore leg, which would yield to no treatment—until I took two bottles of S.S.S., which promptly cured it, and there has been no sign of return; this was in 1886. E. R. Bost, Newton, N. C.

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FEMININE FANCIES.

Mrs. "Stone-wall" Jackson is in the prime of life, her black hair still untraced with gray, and she possesses a most attractive face. Her eyes are large and dark.

Mrs. Nancy Allison Frost, who lives near Marietta, O., is 107 years of age and has lived in one house thirty-one years, removing only from the "hookhouse" at Marietta.

The wife of the well known member of parliament, Thomas Power O'Connor, is an American, the granddaughter of the late Governor Duval, of Florida. Her father was Justice Pascal, of Texas.

Mrs. O'Shea Farrell is said to be a woman of high literary and mental tastes and of considerable acquirements. She is strong minded, original and brilliant, besides possessing a winning personality.

Mrs. Logan has left the general's library just as it was when he last occupied it, untouched, except by the dust brush, and unchanged. His arm chair still retains its customary position, and hardly a paper has been moved from its desk.

Mrs. Withersell, an old lady who lives at Glens Falls, N. Y., is the thirteenth and youngest child of her parents. Her husband, recently dead, was the thirteenth and youngest child and seventh son of his parents.

Old Lady Aylesbury is one of the most extraordinary figures in London society. She is nearly eighty and wears a wig of coarseness curls. She is noted as the possessor of a sharp tongue, and her language is at all times picturesque and vigorous.

The latest American beauty to catch the favor of London society is Miss Green, of Detroit, a granddaughter of Robert McClelland, who sat in Pierce's cabinet. Miss Green is a tall blond girl, and her glory is her luxuriant golden hair. Her eyes are brown.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. Charles Collins, Lillian Russell and Miss Elita Proctor Otis, the famous actresses, are among the few New York women who wear thumb rings. That which adorns the thumb of Mrs. Wilcox is set in diamonds and is a very valuable.

The dowry of Countess of Shrewsbury is one of the most prominent philanthropists in England. She has spent most of her time and money in improving the condition of the poor on her estate, and has established several lodging houses and "convalescent homes" for the indigent and sick.

An Alarming Prospect.

She—Would you like to hear me sing "Forever and Forever?"

He—Er—well, not quite so long as that.—Munsey's Weekly.

Unprecedented.

"Here's something in the paper about a family in New England that has lived in the same house for a century."

"I heard of something stranger than that the other day—a family in New York that has lived in the same flat for eight months."—Munsey's Weekly.

The Jewel Casket.

Silver strainers have handles mounted in ivory. Ginger ale standards are handsome table ornaments.

Silver curling tongs have elaborately wrought handles. Tortoise shell mingled with silver is one of the latest novelties.

A collar of diamonds is in the shape of a wreath of rose leaves with coral buds. Pearls of smaller size are much used in jewelry to be worn with summer gowns.

Candlesticks of perforated silver have heart shaped vases and lips between straight cylindrical sticks.

Vinagrettes are made of malachite, lapis lazuli, turquoise and coral, used as mosaics in large geometrical forms.

A harp in pearls with gold strings is a new form, but geometrical and regular forms worked out in pearls are most used. In a double star the pearls are most used to places with a charming effect. Large single hearts of pearls are used as brooches to fasten thin stuffs.